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LARKS ABROAD.

BROWSINGS ABOUT IN THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

Begging in Various Tongues—The Rich and the Poor—Something in Contrast—Away to Glengarriff—Our Traveling Companion—Over the Mountains of Kerry—First Views of Famous Killarney—Muckross Abbey—A Man Who Wouldn't Take a Fee.

FIFTH LETTER.

When we had lowered ourselves out of the palatial abode of the Bannys, and tripped over the tiger-skin rugs in the hall and stepped on our own feet and otherwise departed ourselves as it is natural to suppose we would do under the circumstances, we made another circuit of the lordly grounds, and passing out by a side gate, we started to return to the town by the road skirting the very high wall that divided the house of nobility from the sordid world. The first object we encountered was a very dirty looking man in a full beard coming up the hill at a swinging pace, who the instant he reached us thrust out his dirtiest hand—I suppose it was the oddest used for such purposes—and entreated as for the love of God to bestow a penny or two to keep him from starving. You would be astonished, were you along with us, to discover how many people we fall in with who seem to stand in desperate need of our financial assistance to keep them from dying in the bitter agonies of starvation—and the name of the Dilly falls from their loathsome lips, coupled with the request, in a way that is sickening, the more so from the curse that quickly follows our refusal to bestow any charity. For we do not waste our substance on these beggars. The true Irishman, however hard his lot and lowly his condition, does not beg—he will die first. At times we have come upon cases of suffering and poverty that are so far beyond the prevalent hard lot of the poorer people that we cannot forbear the bestowal of some slight pittance—and the honest "God bless yez!" that follows the quickly lighting face has in it a ring that pursues us all day and makes us regret that we are able to do only so little. The unworthy demand is readily detected and we evade it persistently. Therefore I conclude that were you to come over the road a day or two after us, you would find the path lined with the pinched and haggard remains of those who, according to their most solemn predictions of the inevitable, have fallen victims to our hard-heartedness.

To the request now referred to I essayed a facetious exterior, and with a light and jaunty air and the purest Parisian accent I said: "Parley voo Frong-say?" And quick as a flash, the hand ever extended, came the answer: "Wee, Munson! Munson!" The Judge clutched me fiercely by the shoulder.

"Come away—come away!" he whispered hoarsely in my ear. "When beggars get to begging in two languages it isn't safe for anybody!"

And we didn't stop running till we got to the bottom of the hill.

OUTSIDE THE WALL.

Turning into a by-way that presented on the left the high and rather monotonous wall of the Bannys, and on the right a somewhat unsatisfactory prospect of railroad banking, we trudged toward the town, till we presently fell in with one or two of the meanest of hinds, built on some worthless land close by the roadside. At the open door of one of these we knocked, and getting no instant response, we stooped at the exceedingly low doorway and ventured inside, when the first thing we saw was an old woman sitting on a hard, rude stool against a rough table, with her head buried in a dirty pillow. She roused up as we entered and gave us good-day, blinking at us the while out of her weak and fishy looking eyes. Her clothing was of the most miserable description, her feet being thrust into a pair of worn-out shoes without the formality of stockings.

We saw at once that the poor woman was sick, and apologizing for our intrusion were about withdrawing, when she tottered to her feet, and bidding us stay, motioned me to her stool, the Judge to an empty candle-box, while she squatted down on the softest side of a block of wood and regarded us curiously.

The room we were in, the main room of the house, was about ten feet by twelve, open to the ridge-pole, which may have been twelve feet above us. The floor was the natural earth, the walls of mud, sun dried and about four feet thick, and ornamented on the inside with one or two pictures of a religious character and several illustrations clipped from some penny paper. What light there was found its way in at a window of four small panes of glass and the door which stood always open. A few cheap boards divided this room from another, evidently the sleeping apartment, in which a few of the meanest articles of bedding were visible. We sat near the fire-place, which was nothing more than two or three stones placed against the wall. On these lay a few pieces of furze, a bush that bears a yellow blossom and is very prevalent here, and by way of showing her hospitality, these the woman lighted, though against our protestations, while the smoke, such as didn't find its way into other parts of the house and down our throats, rose lazily through a hole in the roof above and vanished. Against the partition wall were two or three shelves bearing not more than a dozen of the cheapest sort of dishes. That was all. There are scarcely words—surely not in my possession—to truthfully depict the tremendous depth of poverty that this interior presented. I doubt if one could have dreamed of it—but here was the old woman rocking herself to and fro in the ashes, and to her and to us it was far from being a dream.

We told her we were from America. Whereat she lightened wonderfully, for the name of America is the open sesame to any Irish heart. In return she said "her man," as she termed him, was away at work, earning his shilling a

day, on which they lived. He had a boy, she said, by his first wife, who went to America some years ago—and she added with no small degree of pathos that the young man lately came back to Ireland on a visit but never came nigh the paternal home. She was very sick—we could see that—but she hadn't any money to pay a doctor, so she stood it out alone. "Don't you take any medicine?" the Judge inquired.

"Ah, yis, thin," she said, "I takes me salt an' slinky every night."

Her dialect was extremely difficult to understand, as is apt to be the case the farther a visitor penetrates to the south, and especially with the older people who converse among themselves in the purest Celtic.

"An' Ameriky, now," she remarked in course of conversation, "I suppose is a purty place."

"Sure an' yez is a purty young man," she exclaimed, after regarding me with embarrassing interest.

I bowed my head gracefully. Here is a woman, I mentally said, who is something more than her surroundings would seem to indicate.

"An' yez is his father?" she continued, turning to the Judge and noting the gray accent of his beard.

Oh, no, he laughingly returned, only a traveling companion. She saw her mistake at once, and hastened to correct it.

"Av course yez're not!" she exclaimed, "plow now! Yez're too young a man an' good lookin', now I see yez, to be that."

We assured her that such was the case, and the Judge added:

"It is a fine country for poor people. They live in excellent houses over there." He waved his hand around the hovel, and was about to contrast those houses with this, when the old woman interrupted:

"Aye," she said, with a touch of pride in her voice, "this is a nice house, too. Nice an' warm it is in the winter."

It was useless to pursue that subject any farther, and our hostess struggling up to close out a flock of hens and ducks that had strayed into the house in a curious way to see who the old lady had for company, we seized the opportunity to withdraw, though she begged us not to hurry. I had a bottle of Dr. Wiggins' little homeopathic pills in my pocket, and on retracing I shook a few of them into the woman's trembling hand, told her how to take them, and restoring the bottle to my pocket, and imitating the doctor's pleasantly dignified manner as closely as I said, quite in the doctor's tone of voice:

"Now you take that, and I guess you'll be all right."

Then, unheeding the blessings that followed something that chinked in the old woman's palm we hurried out—I too hastily, for not dropping the doctor's dignity in season, I all but knocked off my head against the low lintel of the door.

Here was the contrast. Just over the high, stern wall the Bannys were rolling in untold riches. Here, by only that wall divided, were poverty and misery most profound.

That is what makes your heart ache in traveling over this poor suffering country. The few—the very few—enjoy what looks to be almost an earthly paradise, while the masses toil on and slave on year after year, year after year, looking forward to nothing better this side of death and contributing to the luxury of these favored few. It is wrong—all wrong. I defy any man with a heart thumping under his ribs to view the scenes that we have already looked upon and say different.

AT GLENGARRIFF.

When we got back to the inn, after stopping on the way to "pitch quotes" as they termed it, with a merry and essentially ragged group of Irish children, for half-penny stakes, and getting beaten out of sight, we found a Catholic priest taking his dinner at the coffee-room table, with a glass of something that diffused an agreeable odor about the room whenever the reverend gentleman, as he frequently did, applied the same to his lips with an air of vast enjoyment. He promptly entered into conversation, as is the custom among travelers here, and learning that we were to be his companions as far as Glengarriff he immediately congratulated himself, and when he further ascertained that we would undoubtedly accompany him through to Killarney, his satisfaction seemed to know no bounds.

He was a well-built and good looking gentleman, dressed in the clerical costume that distinguishes his profession alike here as in America, and, as it afterwards transpired, was a most agreeable traveling companion, learned and intelligent as we have invariably found the Catholic clergy here to be—indeed were they not?—and possessing to a wide degree the wit and vivacity that are characteristic of the Irishman the world over.

So we mounted the high, four-seated "trap," taking the after seat, with myself in the middle that I might secure such warmth as the priest and the Judge on either side would afford—for the sun had now gone down behind the rock-ribbed mountains and the night air was growing very chill. I am always thoughtful of these little things when traveling. The father was talkative to a pleasant degree, his utterances being redolent of the satisfying mixture we had observed him drinking with his dinner, and the twelve-mile ride was far from being tiresome, the horse, stepping briskly off, the conversation never flagging and a sociably inclined woman on the seat in front regaling us with interesting bits of local gossip, pointing out among other things the residence of Lord Bannys's younger brother, who, having rather inauspiciously married a servant girl, and run through with such property as had been apportioned him, is now in a grievously bankrupt condition indeed, and an object of such commiseration as we had time in passing to bestow. We also fell in with the agent of the Earl of Kenmare, whose pleasant occupation it is to collect his lordship's rents and who, you will recall, was waylaid and kned upon a few months since because of the hatred his summary proceedings had aroused in the hearts of the peasantry. Since

that time the government has granted him police surveillance, and the agent lives and moves and has his being under daily and nightly protection of the law. It is slight points of this character that one is constantly running against that opens one's eyes to the internal state of affairs in Ireland.

Drops of rain were beginning to patter ominously down as the trap turned into the ornamental grounds that surround the hotel at Glengarriff, and we were by no means unwilling to greet a sheltering roof.

"There's nothin' for the driver, sorr?" that gentleman remarked with an insinuating rise in his voice, as he pursued us into the house and touched his hat with great respectfulness.

"What driver?" the Judge returned, with a freezing emphasis on the what.

"Me, sorr, to be sure."

"Our tickets read: 'Driver's fees included,' didn't they?"

"Aye, sorr, but that's not me own lookout at all, at all."

"No, but it's mine," the Judge said, firmly, "and I propose to abide by the ticket in such case made and provided."

Then he tried it on with me, but I was as firm as the Judge had been, and the man of the whip finally gave us up, and went out doors and cursed us under the falling rain. We've already experienced no end of trouble with these drivers, and I grieve to acknowledge that up to this occasion they had invariably got the better of us. But our wisdom teeth are beginning to sprout. Eventually we hope to arrive at that point where we shall succeed in evoking justice even from a foreign hackman.

We were ushered into a room hung about with a variety of old-fashioned pictures, and set off by an open grate in which a few bits of coal were hopelessly struggling to dispel the gloomy cliffs. Giving our order for supper, and while awaiting its preparation, the priest attacked this fine right gallantly with the poker.

"Don't poke it, father, I beg of you," implored the waiter.

"But your fire won't burn, my dear man," the father replied, returning to the attack with renewed vigor. And despite the waiter's agitated protestation he pegged valiantly away, until the fire was a hopeless ruin, and the waiter was forced to build it up afresh—which was exactly what the priest was aiming at, for only by that device could we have recovered from the chill of our journey. He was a blue-eyed waiter in a claw-hammer coat, and his hair curled down about his forehead in an inverted arch such as waiters think is pretty, and I fancy it galled him to the quick to tug in kindlings.

I couldn't describe Glengarriff to you in that faithful style which is to be one of the historic features of these letters, unless I delved into the dreary depths of a two-shilling guide-book, a practice which of all others I hold should be avoided. A great many famous men have been here, in addition to the Judge and myself, and their remarks are feelingly incorporated into these same works of art and fiction. Thackeray and Maugham and others of their ilk have enjoyed Glengarriff's charms, and have uttered a great deal of fine language in the place's behalf. But we drove into it in the darkness and resumed our journey by the early dawn, it being to us only a way station, so its waterfalls, its wildly broken scenery and other concomitants of an Alpine valley, to which it is likened, we did not behold.

But I shall always cherish Glengarriff in my heart of hearts as a place where the hotel mistress gave me a pen-holder. True, it was an old one, but as being the first thing bestowed upon me without paying something more than its value, since landing on these emerald shores, I can never cease to recollect it.

OVER THE KERRY MOUNTAINS.

There were only we three for the trap that took us up for Kenmare—the driver of which was gorgeously attired in yellow trousers and a blue coat with red facings. While he was inside the bar taking an item of information out of a glass we climbed into our seats. Then we noticed a young man standing near the rear wheel and obsequiously touching his hat.

"Ah, good morning, sir," courteously returned the Judge, who was on the end of the seat.

"Good mornin', sorr," the young man said, pleasantly. Then he again touched his hat briskly a great number of times.

"Oh, it's all right, sorr," he added, "it's all right."

"What is?" the Judge inquired, considerably surprised.

"Me, sorr," and again the hand went up to the hat.

"You seem to be," the Judge returned, kindly, "you seem to be very right indeed. In fact I don't know when I've met a young man who seemed to be any more so."

"Yes, sorr," and the hand went briskly up again.

"What can I do for you?" the Judge resumed, as the young man exhibited no evidences of retreating.

"Place, sorr, I'm the coach porter."

"The what?"

"The coach porter, sorr. It's all right, I assure yez, sorr."

"And what pray, does the coach porter do?"

"Why, sorr, I watched the coach whilst yez was comin' out wid yez luggage."

"Oh," the Judge said coldly. "And how much—?"

"Ah, sure, anythin' yez plazes," the young man smilingly returned.

"H'm!" the Judge murmured, abstractedly, as his eyes wandered away to the picturesque scenery. "If you are all ready, driver, we will now proceed to Killarney."

And we proceeded.

I do solemnly assure you, brethren, that if you come over here and permit yourselves to feel every individual who pushes forward a chain upon you, you've got to bring a purse as long as Cleopatra's needle and very nearly as big round.

So away we stepped, just as the rain began to swash down out of an astonishingly well-filled cloud that opportunely thrust its way up

over a very dark browed mountain. The priest put up his umbrella, the Judge and I enveloped ourselves in the leather lap-robes of the trap, and thus fended we let the rain come down, which really was the only thing we could do with it. But the shower lasted only a brief time and then the sun came out, together with a swarm of beggar children, from the ages of twelve down to one who had to be lugged, who pursued us up a long hill at the bottom of which they had craftily been lying in wait.

"Penny if yez plaze, sir—penny if yez plaze!" they chorused.

Thus pursued they us for more than fifteen minutes, the entire dozen repeating in rapid and ceaseless concert the words of this refrain. On and on they ran, close at the wagon's wheels.

"Penny if yez plaze, sir!"

The priest flung out a coin or two. The Judge had thought to steel his heart against all importunities, but these children weakened him, and he too dropped down a penny. I, being naturally more morose and savage in my disposition, thrust my hands determinedly down into my pockets—and—well I *had* to come up with a penny or so. It was our first encounter of this sort, you know. I don't know how long we might not have continued dribbling copper if we hadn't come up with a man by the roadside to whom we saw one of the children deliver up her coins. That dispelled the illusion. The priest drove back the stiff howling hound, the driver whipped up his horses, and so we left them. But not for long. Scarce had we gone a mile when yet another lad sprang up as though by magic, and running hard after us made the air shriek with the ceaseless old refrain.

"Get yez back!" the priest exclaimed, menacing the children with his umbrella.

They knew him to be a priest and as such they held him in awe. They stopped. But scarcely was his back turned that they were after us again. Once more the priest turned round.

"Get yez back!" he called, indignantly. "Do yez hear? I tell yez to be gone!" and he glared at them till they dropped into a walk, and terrified by the priestly mandate slunk out of sight. The reverend father was not a little stirred by the incident.

"It makes an Irishman burn with shame for his race!" he exclaimed with honest indignation as he resumed his seat.

But that wasn't the end of it. The guide-book had told us we would find the region about Killarney infested with beggars. For once we fell upon a guide-book statement that could be implicitly relied upon. But they didn't realize on *us*. From that time and henceforward we are done with the begging fraternity.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

As we make up a long hill the driver pulls reins in front of a small hut, counterpart of many others we have seen. The windows are boarded up, but through the open door we detect a woman busily milking a cow. The proprietor of the place steps out to give us welcome—an honest faced young man in clothes of faded brown.

"Gintlemen," the driver says with a flourish of his whip toward the house, "this is the Mountain Hotel, where yez can get a slip of milk, or a drap of potteen if yez prefer it."

The young man at the roadside smiled broadly at this sally, meanwhile a girl of sixteen with nothing on her feet but mountain slat is handing us up a glass and pitcher of milk. I never before was offered a glass of milk by a lady in her bare feet, but I have come to Ireland prepared to find things as I might find them, and down it goes. The Judge likewise lubbies. Then we glance into each other's faces and simultaneously note that the milk was hot from the cow. Neither of us, I think, cares much for milk warm from its natural source. At least I don't.

"You know what potteen is?" the priest asks.

Only in a general way, we reply.

"It's the illicit whiskey of this country," he explains, "and found of course only in out of the way places among the mountains. Have ye any?" he continues, addressing the man.

"Not today, father," the man replies, touching his hat. "I've not any more, sorr."

"What do you pay for this place?" says the father, abruptly changing the subject.

"Seven pound the year, father."

"Why don't you put glass in the windows?"

"Sure, an' I can't afford to do it, father."

"But you should make your landlord do it."

"Aye, father, but he won't," the man answers, smilingly.

"You have a farm, of course?" the Judge interposes.

"Oh, only these few feet of prairie, sorr."

"A cow?"

"One I keeps for another man, sorr."

"You have the milk?"

"No, he has it, sorr." He winks here, which means I suppose that now and then a penny falls into his own hands from selling portions of this milk to travelers.

"How large a family have you?" I here chip in.

"Eight of us all told, sorr."

"How do you live?"

"I work on the roads at times, sorr."

"For how much?"

"One an' sixpence a day, sorr." (Thirty-seven cents.)

"You want to go to America, I suppose?" Here his face grows perfectly luminous with smiles.

"Sure an' it's that same I would, sorr," he exclaims.

"Why don't you go, then?"

"Well, sorr," he sadly concludes, "what will the children an' the rint, an' work that had, it's mighty little a man kin save to take him to Ameriky at all!"

We acknowledged this as we drove away. If you want to learn something of the poor laborer's condition in Ireland, just run over the arithmetical proposition contained in the immediately preceding paragraphs, and figure out how much of a hunk account you think this man ought to command at the end

of a year. Then reflect that this case is paralleled by thousands. Why, the only reason all Ireland isn't over there on American soil making a good living is because they are so miserably poor that they can't lay by in a lifetime by the exercise of the most rigid economy the fifteen dollars it costs for an ocean passage.

But I'm dwelling here too long, forgetful that the rain is now coming down in torrents. So I crawl down under the blankets again. Wonderful alternations of rain and shine are these, and the priest has very nearly worn out his patience and the side of my hat putting up and down his umbrella. We are down here now in the poorer districts. The farms are miserable. Signs of thrift nowhere appear. The great rugged mountains that rear their twisted sides toward the heavens are utterly bare of wood, presenting in this respect a singular contrast to the mountains of our native state. Peat bogs are numerous and from these, laborers are cutting out the smooth brick shaped blocks and piling them up to sundry, against the coming winter. Potato patches we see on every hand, planted in long, straight rows about two feet in width with a path a foot deep and wide between them. But despite these and other evidences of poverty, both with nature and among man, the roads are ever the same in smoothness and hardness, and never cease to evoke our admiration. At one point in a mountain glen our driver stopped his horses and utterly refused to go on, until a laborer who was working by the roadside, came and removed three or four stones not larger—I write carefully—than hen's eggs, that lay in the horses' track.

"Yez knows very well they're not allowed there!" the driver retorted as the laborer turned grumblingly away.

I wonder what the driver would do in the land of the North American road commissioner.

APPROACHING KILLARNEY.

At this point we encountered a tunnel that obligingly opened to let the road pass through. Half way through the driver shouted:

"Gintlemen, yez is now in county Cork—but now yez is in county Kerry!"

Then, all of us yelling wildly, we welcomed county Kerry with all our hearts.

"Driver," I called, after we had for some time regarded the varying scenery, "do you know Bridget Donohue?"

"Do I know Bridget Donohue?" he repeated, quickly, "faith an' I do, sorr. She lives close by here. Sure, I know her well."

"Up near Clare, doesn't she?"

"No, faith—I think it's nearer."

"Not the one I mean. I'll tell you about her."

So, as I had previously sang them "Miss Fogarty's Christmas Cake," which was greeted with vociferous applause, I essayed the second song with much confidence. The cheerful priest and the jolly driver made an excellent native audience. I'll just show you how they interlined this simple ditty with their notes of approval:

THE SONG.

It was in the County Kerry, (right here!) not many miles from Clare, (Aye!) Where the boys and girls are merry at a patron saint of fair, (We're all dilly!) The town it was Kilmartin, (Faith, I know it well!) and a purty place to view, (Indeed but it is!) But what makes it interesting to my Bridget Donohue, (Aye, course now—we're curious!)

Doesn't love her a picture, (Ha, now!) I did, upon my word (sure he did!) Not the picture of myself (Who thin?) but the picture of a bird, (Surely!) It was the American eagle (Whoop, now!) and I, "Miss Donohue, The eagle's wings are broad enough (Faith, listen at him!) to cover me and you, (Whoop—cudlin, if you hear that, now!)

I can't explain, you are so far away as I write, how devil these and other interjections were fitted into the song without in the least interfering with its progress. The second verse and chorus I have omitted, but they too were no less delightfully received. When the cup shant was put on in the shape of the eagle—the American eagle—the driver's yells must have been heard at the Giant's Causeway.

But I find this English pen completely getting away from me. It seems to shed gall after gallon of costly jet-black ink with the utmost facility, but somehow it doesn't contrive to say anything worth listening to. I find I must thumb over several—no—exceedingly interesting pages of my note-book, or John won't be able to get this letter into the paper at all. So, regretfully, I pass by the war of words carried on with true Irish wit and repartee between the priest and driver, in which, the latter never forgetting that his antagonist was a father in his holy church, and the father in turn remembering the lowly station of the driver, hard blows were given and exchanged, in the best of spirit, something I fancy as the gladiators of other days used to walk into the blood and dust of the arena and knock each other's heads off with the pure and philanthropic purpose of furnishing forth a Roman holiday. So, with like regret, I must omit our varied other experiences with the beggars, our dinner at Kenmare, our approach to and first view of the Killarney Lakes, with the mountains famous in story and song pushing their stern, bleak tops up into the skies, the man whom the driver picked up in a friendly way and who developed an astonishing facility for lighting his pipe in a high wind—these and a score of other interesting and amusing features of our fifty-mile ride that day this letter has not the room to contain. After I get home, if you will come up some evening and bring your work, I'll retail it all to you in a most graphic style.

BEAUTIFUL KILLARNEY.

That is what it is called, unless may be a more gushing adjective is employed. But I confess that I experienced a sensation of disappointment when I first beheld these scenes. I may have thought to encounter grander mountains; possibly I had hoped and expected to have my eyes ravished with an exquisite expanse of lake. I cannot now recall just what I did anticipate, but surely it was something in excess of what I found—scenes such as our New England states can easily parallel. I do not seek to be understood as one who would unthinkingly cast obloquy upon Killarney and

irretrievably ruin its business. I acknowledge that the combination of the wild and beautiful, the fierce and the peaceful, in nature which is here presented in circumscribed limits is marvellous and never could cease to evoke one's admiration. But if you've got your spring sewing to do, or a carpet to beat, or anything else that is important, then it isn't worth your while to travel three thousand odd miles to see Killarney alone.

Muckross Abbey was certainly the most interesting sight of all this region. The grand old ruin, overgrown with the peaceful ivy, presented a charming sight as we approached it along the winding path of the estate of Mr. Herbert, in which the abbey stands. Here we encountered a gentleman with gray hair and whiskers, a strong voice and a kind heart who explained to us the history of the ruin, and scorned the silver fee we offered him. At first we were inclined to doubt the man's sanity. Where were we—where had we been the past few days—we wonderingly asked each other, that we thus encounter an individual who leaks valuable information by the quart and accepts thereof no emolument?

"Gentlemen," he explained, in his strong voice and broader accent, "Mr. Herbert keeps me here to look after the abbey, and he pays me well for it. I do not wish a fee, but I will gladly tell you what I know of the ruin."

He knew all there is at this day to be found out, and interesting enough we found it. The abbey was founded nearly five hundred years ago, since which time it has on several occasions been destroyed and rebuilt, the various periods of restoration standing boldly forth in the differing styles of architecture. Such portions of it remain, and are likely to remain for generations to come, as afford the curious visitor interesting insight into the life and manners of that singular race of men, the monks and friars. Many of the original Irish kings are buried here, and we enjoyed the rare pleasure of gazing upon the tombstone of the redoubtable MacCarthy himself, sometime proprietor of Blarney Castle aforesaid. Mr. MacCarthy reclines under a stone that I should judge, without hefting it, to weigh a ton. He appears to be well fixed.

Our guide likewise showed us over the grounds of his employer, and we gained some slight conception of what a private gentleman enjoys in the way of magnificent premises. The demesne embraces some nine thousand acres. A portion of it is owned by five thousand deer. Mr. Herbert struggles along on a narrow yearly income of about \$100,000. At present he is in America, the man said, and he added that he was to have been married to a Baltimore belle, but he believed the match had been broken off.

"Gentlemen," he said, as we left him, with many thanks for his kindly favors, "I have done but little for you—I wish it could have been more—but what I have done has been done gladly because you are Americans. To you every honest Irishman should uncover his head, and for what your country and your countrymen are doing for our people we praise and bless you."

We shook him warmly by the hand, and the honest old fellow swung up the path and out of sight, the earnest eloquence of his words and voice remaining with us pleasantly. So it always will remain with us.

IMPRESSIONS—VERY.

The other attractions of Killarney I pass by for the time. We got away from the hotel, towards Dublin, by morning train. They held back our late till the last moment, and then it was "on late to fight for the various items on which they had villainously out-gargled us. They always do this thing with Americans, when they can, we are told. But it isn't pleasant for the Americans.

While the Judge was paying the bill I stood in the coffee-room enjoying a pictured scene from the life of Goldsmith that hung on the wall. As I had packed my valise a silk stocking of gaudy hue escaped my attention, till after the straps were buckled, so for the moment I hastily slipped it into my pocket, along with no more harmful an article than a hem-stitched handkerchief. An English lady with a red face was eating her breakfast as I studied the picture, and occasionally she addressed to me some cheerful remark about the weather or something of that sort, just as we do in America, don't you know? Well, by and by it struck me that I wanted my handkerchief, and I reached around with considerable effort of an air to pull it out, and I hope to be appreciated for a dynamiter if I don't grab hold of that gaily stocking, and sweep it out before the eyes of that astounded English lady, with

STOCKS

We have just bought of

M. A.

Achorn AND C

References

At just about one-half the first
their entire stock of

Dry Goods,

Competition

And have transferred the sale to our store. Previous to this immense purchase we were much crowded in every department, and with this addition it almost impossible to

and it almost impossible

handle the same. We therefore decided that Achorn stock must be disposed of in the shortest possible

and to make quick work of

and to make quick work of same, shall offer that stock together with many special bargains from our own, at

FEARFUL SACRIFICE

Wednesday, July 8

we shall begin this **MARVELOUS SALE**, and continue the same until every article is disposed of.

This sale will afford a great opportunity for securing at about 50 cents on the dollar any article usually found in first-class Dry Goods and

pet House. No such barg

were ever heard of before
the annals of the dry goods
business of Rockland.
Come early and secure some
of the wonderful bargains
we shall offer.

SHOCK SHOWN

SIMONTON BROS.

P. S.

A few special bargains for
mediate or future use.

Jersey Waists, 50 cents.

Street Jerseys \$7.00, marked
from \$13.00.
Summer New Markets and W
\$3, \$4, and \$5, marked down

§§ 55 and 56

Dr. Warner's Corsets 65 c
marked down from \$1.25.
Ladies' Hosiery 18 cents, worth
25c.
Ladies' Winter Underwear 34
worth 50c. It will pay to buy
for future use.
White Blankets, per pair, 80
worth \$1.25. Better grades at
bargains.

Carpeting 15 cents, worth 25c

Carpeting 50 cents, worth 75
 Prints 3 cents, worth 5c.
 Gingham 7 cents, worth 10c.
 Smyrna Rugs \$2.75, worth 3
 Smyrna Rugs \$3.75, worth 8
 Carpet Sweepers \$1.50, v
 \$2.50.
 Be sure and attend this great

SIMONTON
BRO

CORRESPONDENCE.

THOMASTON.

Major Delano is making a model for a steam boat.

Capt. Samuel Watts and wife are at their residence, 100 Main street.

Frank Bates, Newburyport, Mass., is on a visit to his former home.

Oliver P. Watts has entered the Freshman class, Bowdoin College.

John Whitcomb and wife, of Provincetown, Mass., are on a visit here.

The noisy demonstrations of the glorious 4th are past and gone. Selah!

Ralph S. Francis, recently graduated at Bowdoin College is studying law.

Miss Lila M. Hyler is at home on a vacation from Abbott Academy, Mass.

Charles Whitcomb, principal of the Sandwich, Mass., High School is in town.

Mrs. Wm. M. Shibles, of Lynn, Mass., is at the house of Wm. F. Gay, Mill River.

Miss Abida Mann, assistant teacher of the Sandwich, Mass., High School is at home.

Norton Paveson and wife of Boston are at the residence of Isaac Wilcox, Knox street.

Prof. Henry Johnson, Bowdoin College, is at the house of Mrs. Julia Robinson, Glasgow street.

Mrs. A. N. Linscott and son Harry of Chicago are at the house of Mrs. Mary Walsh, Knox street.

Linnell of the *Beal* out his right hand quite severely last Thursday with the knife of a paper cutter.

Judge Obadiah B. Hewitt, of Hastings, Nebraska, has been on a visit to his brother, Major Hewitt.

Mrs. Robert Crosby returned last week from a visit to Lynn, where she was the guest of Mrs. Clara Downing.

Mrs. Sarah Rivers Church, of New York, is a guest at the house of Mrs. Margaret Robinson, Knox street.

Lucretia Pierce and wife of Lynn, Mass., passed the week of the 4th at the residence of William H. Hewes.

Ship Joseph S. Spinney, Capt. Frank L. Curdick, arrived at Queensboro, July 1st, from San Francisco.

John A. Patterson and son Ralph have returned from Georgia where they have been since last autumn.

Hon. E. K. O'Brien attended the meeting of the Society of Chemoists at the Parker House, Boston, on the 1st inst.

The board of adjusters for New England Insurance Companies met here last week establishing rates of insurance.

Rond Count-Downer Gray, while at work on a ledge, Marsh road, received a severe blow on the side of his head from a flying piece of ledge rock.

It is eight years since the centennial celebration of the incorporation of the town of Thomaston, and that was the last public demonstration of the town's history. This year the people enjoyed the day in a manner they deemed best. Excursion parties, picnics down river, attendance at the Knox Trotting Park, and matinee game of base ball were the attractions.

The clam bake and picnic at Thomas Burton's shore, "Cushing," was the largest party that went from here and numbered nearly 100. There were several other parties at various points on the Georges River. The day was very pleasant and comfortable for out of door enjoyment. The clam bake at Burton's was gotten up under the direction of Raymond L. Levensault and Capt. David J. Hodgman, and was voted a success in all of its appointments. After the feasting, and cigars had been reached, the company being called to order, Judge Levensault called to order, and introduced E. L. Levensault, the orator from the Pacific Slope, who in eloquent and patriotic language proceeded to unveil the Goddess of Liberty amid the hearty applause of the assemblage. The game of base ball was a match between the Rockland and Thomaston nine, in which the former beat the latter in score of 15 to 11.

SOUTH THOMASTON.

James Harrington and wife have adopted a little girl, two years old, from Columbian Institute, to spend the vacation.

George Harding, while at work on the old walk, struck a nail into his foot inflicting a painful wound.

Woodard & Spaulding are having a victrola built under their store. They have also purchased a young horse.

The Fourth of July picnic at Pleasant Beach passed off very pleasantly. There were nearly one hundred at the beach, and they found the campers well prepared for them.

Miss Kirkpatrick, a member of the Rock and Art Club, is in town getting up a class in painting. She has two pupils, Miss Helen Sweetland and Sadie Clay and would like a few more.

The entertainment in the chapel, Fourth of July night drew a large crowd. After the choir sang the opening selection, Mrs. C. H. man displayed her wax figures, which she with the help of Mark E. Rowell, explained. Ice cream and cake were for sale at the close making the entertainment net about \$20.

Ada Martin has returned home. Mrs. Chas. M. Graves has gone to work for Brown & Wade, cutting stone. Mr. J. Ingersham and wife and Mr. Murry and wife were down to Pleasant Beach Sunday, making a visit to Edward and Frank Butler. Mrs. Lizzie Wiggin went to Deer Isle to spend the Fourth with her father.

WEST WARREN.

Pond fishes are blooming.

A bound bass was lately taken from South Pond.

The young newbies are now moving about in the pond.

A young son of the late Cyrus Mark was thrown from his horse last week and was dangerously hurt.

The steam mill has closed operations until after having. Many will commence haying this week, but the crop is not fully grown.

Lewis D. Studley is making improvements in the way of building a refinery, etc., to use in connection with his business. He also has a new new car.

SOUTH WARREN.

W. L. Jordan lately purchased a heavy team horse of Isaac Peters.

Our farmers are getting their mowers and rakes in order for the approaching haying season. The crop will be very light in this section.

A game of base ball was played here Saturday afternoon by picked nines captained by Bucklin and Galtchick. The latter's team won by a score of 11 to 7.

Miss Margie Spear spent the Fourth at home. Miss Callie Bucklin, who is teaching school at Matthewsville, is spending a short vacation at home. Miss Emma Robinson of Thomaston was at J. H. Conner's a few days last week. Miss Mary P. Conner is visiting relatives in Thomaston this week. Capt. J. E. Freighton will remain at home a few weeks. Fred Bucklin spent the Fourth at J. H. Bucklin's. Ernest Robinson of St. George was at S. Y. Copeland's last week.

It is seldom if ever that South Warren enjoys a holiday as it did Saturday. There was a picnic with all the necessary side shows at Davis' grove under the auspices of Mr. Shawan Lodge, L. O. of E. T. A large number were present and seemed to enjoy themselves. The tables were loaded with edibles, beans and brown bread, pie and cake, and such like as only South Warren girls can produce. Our month water, even hot. The reason was very much explained by Mrs. Galtchick who excused some of her most selections upon the harmonica. The party broke up with singing "The Star Spangled Banner," and other familiar tunes. There was no general display of fireworks though the display at J. H. Conner's was quite elaborate.

CAMDEN.

The baby seal at Ayer's market attracts a great deal of attention.

J. H. Montgomery, esq., holds the ribbons over one of the best driving horses in Knox county.

Geo. S. Colby Post, G. A. R., attended the funeral of Conrad South Heath, Thursday last. There were 10 members present.

At James Seward's, Mrs. Kepleman, son and servant, New York, Misses Huntington, Boston and Mrs. Giddens and son, New York.

James Perry has a fine variety of strawberries. Your service was the recipient of a box of gilt-edged ones. For size and flavor they are unequalled.

There was an excursion from Brewer by steamer in our harbor, Thursday. They spent the day at Sherman's Point. There were about 150 in the crowd.

Miss Feronie Batchelder at her pleasant house, Elm street, had the following arrivals this week. Mr. and Mrs. Weeks, Miss Daniels, Miss Noyes, Boston.

Miss Lottie Ames, daughter of Capt. A. F. Ames and wife of the Bay View Hotel, graduated with honors at the Notre Dame Academy, Roxbury, Thursday, and is now at home with her parents.

Mrs. A. C. Paine showed your service an elegant pattern bonnet, made for a Rockport lady, a steel, hand wrought lace crown over steel satin, pulling of cardinal velvet, with steel lace and steel flowers and steel flowers and steel flowers.

Summer tourists are arriving daily. There are registered at the Bay View this week, F. W. Nichols, New York, James Burrell, Central City, Col., A. P. Welton, New York, N. H., S. B. Treat, Jas. A. Gibbons, H. Clapp and wife, A. C. Harvey, Boston.

Shepherd, James & Co. have nearly completed their extensive wharves and lime sheds, and will soon finish their patent kiln which will be of the capacity of 1000 lbs. a week. They are an enterprising concern, and are now contemplating building a tramway to transport their lime rock to the kilns.

G. F. Burgess has just finished a patent kiln at Rockport. The base is granite, outside measure 18x20 feet high, on top of which is a round iron structure made of boiler iron, 17 feet high, 11 feet diameter. The principle of the kiln is different from the usual kiln, and is an idea of Mr. Burgess. The capacity of it will be 1000 lbs. of "Jacobs lime" a week. It shipped last week to New York 1500 lbs. of lime and is loading two vessels this week.

Miss Mae McCarthy announces Friday, July 10th, as the evening she will entertain the citizens with the charming opera "Grandpa's Birthday." The thirty young misses who take part are drilled to perfection. She will be assisted by Miss Flora Kallio, soprano, of Rockland, Misses Munnie Parker, soprano, Mae Murphy, soprano, Mrs. Nellie Dean, contralto, Miss May Morse, pianist, Miss Blanche Adams, accompanist, and Miss Jennie Harwood, reader.

Chas. Dutton and Allice Allen of Boston former residents here, are spending the 4th at their old home. W. H. Titcomb, banker of Rockland, was the guest of Hon. E. Cushing Thursday. The many friends of Hon. E. Cushing are pleased to see him out again after his illness. Prof. Al Martz is at home for the summer. Prof. Fred Martz, the champion ventriloquist, returned from a business trip recently, flush with duets. The family of E. F. Dillingham of Bangor are at their handsome summer cottage for the summer. Lore Alford and wife of Waterville, Iowa, were in town last week. Mrs. Spofford Andrews and child of Omaha, Nebraska, is visiting her father, Eliot Orleton, West Camden.

The "Mountain View House" was opened Wednesday, the 22nd, and is a model summer resort, has a fine location, and the views from the veranda of the bay and mountains are splendid. It has recently been painted outside in cream, old gold and cardinal colors, the blending of which is very artistic, and the green blinds add a pretty contrast. There is a broad veranda around the house. The office is finished in ash with desk chairs of the same. The floor is hard pine with hard finish. The windows are draped with red and old gold draperies. In the large double parlors the finish is painted pine with blue flowers. The parlors is draped with an elaborate pattern in old gold and cardinal. The dining hall is large and pleasant, the floor hard finished, the walls hang with pretty cardinal and gold tapestries with cardinal moldings. The location is such, with a very large and handsome stable, and a fine view of the bay and mountains. On the second and third floors are 26 guest chambers, elaborately fitted up with modern furniture. Mrs. H. Maxwell and two daughters of Portland were the first to arrive, and N. H. Dillingham and wife of Bangor.

ROCKPORT.

Mathew Rugeri's ice cream saloon looks very inviting.

The Carleton House had a large business the Fourth.

John Achorn took out one of his bee hives 50 pounds of honey last week.

Edw. Kingsbury and wife of Medford, are at Rockport. Mrs. Kingsbury's old home.

G. H. M. Barnes & Co. are loading Capt. Simon Wall's schooner with ice for Baltimore.

The new ship is all caulked and painted to her coppering line. They are now setting the spars.

The Rockport nine went to Thomaston and came home victorious last week. The score stood Thomaston 22, Rockports 23.

Fred Bosworth has left the employ of F. P. Libby. Mr. Libby has Chas. Prince in with him in the place of Bosworth to learn the trade.

The rain and barometer were very welcome on Monday, the 24th, but did not mix well. In spite of the rain a large number went from here to see the great show.

The celebration of the Fourth here was a success. In the forenoon they had a fireworks, big race at the climbing the greased pole. The fireworks were both Venetian and American. They were the best ever seen in these parts. In the afternoon they had a grand dance and a large clam bake in the evening, dancing and fireworks. The music was furnished by Messeyree and Densham. There was a large crowd of spectators.

WEST APPLETON.

M. Hart is making extensive repairs and additions to his dwelling house, which when completed will present a very neat appearance.

James Clark and family from Iowa are visiting Hon. Wm. Clark. Mr. Clark has not been in Maine for some time. M. M. Johnson is in town this summer. Mrs. Peter Wellington, who has been sick for some time, is quite low.

OWLS' HEAD.

Squash bugs are very destructive this season.

B. C. Sleeper has bought a new horse-hay rake.

The late rains have caused rejoicing among our farmers. The hay crop is daily improving.

The Ladies Aid Society met with Mrs. T. H. Madocks last week and next. Thursday evening will meet with Mrs. Lindsey.

Betty Dana and Arthur Hopkins of Providence, R. I., are spending their vacation at their aunt's, Mrs. R. D. Rawson's, Ocean House.

A party of young folks went from here to Vinalhaven the Fourth in sch. Chas. They got back here about two a. m. Sunday. They had the privilege of enjoying a night in the bay.

Edwin Gilmore, wife and child of Medford, Mass., came here from Castine Saturday night, and are visiting at Capt. Lewis A. Ayer's. Webster P. Perry came from Boston Saturday morning and returned Monday night.

WARREN.

Field strawberries are very plenty.

Summer visitors are beginning to arrive.

The village and High school closed Friday.

Thomas Walker, Jr. and family are on a visit to his father's.

Salmon have been seen trying to scale over the dam, here.

We were blessed with a very heavy shower Monday morning.

D. C. Fisk had two of his top buggies wrecked while out celebrating on the 4th.

C. A. Spear went down to Gay's Island Friday, where he can obtain his favorite clam.

Quite a number of our people, who are interested in late horses, went to the horse trot Saturday.

We miss the smiling face of Mr. Worthing, the Appleton mail carrier. Mr. Barnard having succeeded him on the route.

The Cong. Church is without a pastor, having given a call twice. The old adage may prove true this time on the third.

Capt. Davis and Capt. Mathews took a party of friends down the river to rusticate for a few days, in their fall sails.

A few black bass have been taken at the South pond. About August we expect to be there with our hook and line.

We are entertained nightly by the agent of the Kickapoo medicine man on the street and his exhibitions of myth and song.

Hotel Warren looks as though the travelling public appreciated the management by the appearance in and about the house. Fisk is there himself.

The ladies held a meeting to see about what method they would take to obtain 300 yards of the rock of the Cong. Church. We wait for the end of all things.

The man with the scythe, not of time, but for the grass, is to be seen here and there, and the click of the mowing machine is heard in the distance.

A B house power engine has arrived at the Georges River mill hauled from the depot by the truck of oxen, from the well known firm of Kendall & Rogers of Cambridgeport, Mass.

W. E. Wright carried a party of gentlemen with their ladies down to Cushing Thursday, where they will remain a week, occupying the Vinal cottage on the banks of Georges river.

A fire-tracker was placed on the front yard fence of C. J. McCallum who was absent at the time, and on his return, it had begun to blaze up and it required water to put it out.

The Fourth was ushered in by the ringing of bells at one o'clock a. m., blowing of the horns, crackers etc., and was kept up until a late hour in the evening. No doubt it was fun for those who participated, but it was annoying to those who sought rest at home.

Newell Robinson has begun to dig and stone a cellar for C. C. Mallett of Rockport, who has returned to his native place to occupy the farm of John Cobb, after his house is done. W. H. Glover & Co. are to build the same. They are also making alterations and repairs on Capt. Hallows's premises.

Miss S. C. Starnett of this place, late assistant of Belfast High school, is the recipient of a handsome present from her quondam pupils. Miss Starnett's reply was as follows: "It is not easy to express fitting thanks for a gift that to receive still one's deepest nature; yet such is this token of your continued love toward me. Accept, please, in sincere though broken thanks and the assurance of my heart interest in you now and forever."

SOUTH UNION.

School closes next Friday.

Daniel Harding took a load of ladies and gentlemen to Belfast Thursday with his fine team of 28 years ago, are visiting relatives here, having come on an excursion to Portland Grand Army week. They will return this week. Joseph Vaughn their father moved from this place in '57 with a family of eight children the youngest being only a year or two old. The family were all in the army and Mrs. Vaughn and one son who died in the army and one daughter Mrs. Crawford who did not go out with them. Wm. Moody returned from Massachusetts Friday and will remain at home a few weeks. He is at work in a carriage factory. Mr. Merriam, Mass., Edward Gleason of Camden visited here last week. Edmund Crowell is again quite low.

MATINICUS.

There was quite a delegation off to Barnum's show.

Capt. Philbrick has secured the contract for carrying the mail for another four years. It couldn't fall into the hands of a more efficient carrier.

Steven Cronin and wife are visiting on the Island. He lived there with F. Hall, when a boy, and has been in Illinois and Kansas, where he now resides, the last 15 years.

Sch. David A. Oiler, Capt. Geo Smith, has fitted up for setting mackerel. They are four vessels, one here now fishing for mackerel, the Gracie C. Young, Esperanza, Clara Becker, and Oiler.

Fred Rhodes has returned to Boston where he is engaged in the grocery business. His wife accompanied him to Rockland. W. S. King, who has been attending school in Waterville, has returned home.

MARTINSVILLE.

Henry Dukeshire has gone to Portland in pursuit of work.

A very enjoyable picnic was held in Stephen Gardner's grove, the 4th.

George K. Marshall has improved the look of his house very much by adding a coat of paint.

The young people of the place are having very enjoyable times at what is called St. Timothy's Hall.

School closed Friday for two weeks vacation. Miss Callie Bucklin of Warren is teacher. Thus far we have had an excellent school.

Miss Celestia and Mary Barry returned home from Washington, Mass., to spend their vacation. They have been at work in the watch factory for the last four weeks. Mrs. Emma R. Clark has gone to Boston to meet her husband. Fairfield Harris of Haverhill, Mass., is in town on a visit. He has been at school twelve years.

FRIENDSHIP.

The land serenaded John M. Kennedy and wife Friday night. "Better late than never."

Friendship is the place for stock raising. One farmer who had nine lambs in the spring, has one now and a case is very doubtful.

In the home of Saturday the sheep owned by James Delano came off winner. This is the second year Mr. Delano has taken the prize.

W. H. Parsons, who graduated from the University of Vermont last month, came home Saturday. Mr. Parsons took his rank in college and his medical education is unquestionable.

The Fourth at Friendship passed off very quietly. No ringing of bells and firing of guns welcomed it, and although quite a crowd assembled at the last race and lever, no excitement was anywhere to be seen, and all went smoothly. The levee under the management of the Baptist society was in every respect a success and about \$75 was taken.

Randall J. Condon of Colby University, class of '86, is at home. He intends to canvass in New York state during his summer vacation. He is a fine looking young man, and in his class, and at the College Commencement last week, took the first Junior prize, one of the highest prizes in college. James Watson and family visited relatives in Thomaston, last week. Mrs. Emma Prescott is visiting at Zenas Cook's.

VINALHAVEN.

Granite Hotel is rapidly filling up.

A photographer has pitched his tent near the McDonald house.

James Carlin has a lovely bull mastiff. His teeth are just perfect.

Samuel Julian visited his daughter, Mrs. I. S. White, at Clark's Island last week.

Sch. Sarah Franklin recently discharged a cargo of corn for E. W. Aray from Boston.

Our trotting park has been considerably improved under the supervision of E. W. Berry. A company of our enterprising citizens have been mending the ways around Round Pond.

W. S. Vinal will have one of the finest houses in the village when he completes his repairs.

Sch. Emma Dyer arrived Thursday. She has earned some 100 barrels of mackerel this season.

Capt. T. Burgess is improving his schooner the P. M. Bonnie with new paint, and is making other changes.

Sch. David A. Oiler, Capt. George Smith has landed some seven hundred quintals of fish this season and is now fitted for mackereling.

The Dixie entertainers gave some first-class entertainments here last week. Dixie and his wife are two of the finest actors ever seen on our stage.

The Fourth passed off very quietly. The usual number of excursions and picnics were indulged in and the usual racket was made by the boys.

The Free Baptist church of this place passed a set of resolutions, commutatory of the work of their recent pastor, Rev. E. G. Cook. The resolutions speak very highly of his work in this community and give strong evidence of the hold he had in the hearts of his people.

Capt. J. A. Achorn of Rockland was the lucky winner of the silver ice pitcher at the Dixie entertainment. L. P. Berry and Capt. Achorn won the same amount of money which were in the pitcher, but on a second guess Capt. Achorn won it, and gave it to Mrs. I. T. Lovejoy, according to a previous promise in the event of his winning.

Fish. Warden Healey Thursday night seized 13 short lobsters at the factory of Lane & Libby. While Mr. Healey only did his duty yet our people can rest assured that Lane & Libby were not guilty of violating the law intentionally. When one considers the great number of lobsters they handle each week it is strange that so few were found.

Miss Lila Lane is visiting in Canton. W. A. Walker and A. C. Hoadley, who came from college last week. Mrs. Wm. Tucker went to the main Tuesday. E. D. Griswold of New York arrived Wednesday. John McDonald of New York is at Sunset cottage. E. H. Lavery of Rockland was here Wednesday. Misses Schell and Eva Allenwood returned home Wednesday. Mrs. W. H. Seales and Miss Eva Cummings arrived from Boston Thursday. Geo. Hoyt arrived from Milford, Mass., Wednesday. Fred Brown and wife went to the city Thursday. E. L. Carver departed for Searsom's Wednesday. John Cluff went to Massachusetts last week.

NORTH UNION.

B. E. Messer and C. B. Bryant went to Belfast to see Barnum.

Keep cool gentlemen! Keep cool! Don't let your angry passions rise over a horse race.

School in district No. 7 commenced Monday of last week under the instruction of Miss Ella Jacobs of Michigan.

H. M. Fossett spent the Fourth at home returning to Clark's Island Sunday. Lendal Cassell of Northport visited this place last week.

Charlie Barnard made his last trip on the stage route last Tuesday. We all regret very much to lose him as he was always very pleasant and accommodating.

The Advents held a meeting on the campground in Bartlett's grove, commencing Friday and lasting over Sunday. There were some very able speakers present and the meetings were attended by a large number of people.

UNION.

Mrs. Reeves and family arrived at the Burton House last week.

Otis McCarrison is doing a great business in the apothecary line.

B. B. Burton is having his hotel painted in very handsome style.

Mrs. J. O. Cobb still remains very sick, though her friends think there is some slight improvement.

Strawberries and green peas are plenty in the markets, the former at 15 cents a box, the latter 30 cents a peck.

Mrs. Augusta Barnard has sold her horse to Miss Lucy Daniels and she will return to California in August.

Mr. Wagner raised a large barn last week and it is now nearly boarded. Jason Robbins and Capt. Briggs are also building large barns.

Mr. Norcross exchanged with Rev. Mr. Tyler of Camden last Sabbath. Mr. Tyler preached a very interesting sermon. The subject in the forenoon was "Heaven" in the evening "The Light in the Cloud." Mr. Tyler preaches without notes.

E. H. Daniel's youngest son has manifested symptoms of insanity. His brother Dr. Fred Daniel's took him to Augusta this week to be treated at the Insane Asylum. It is to be hoped his insanity is only temporary. Mr. Daniels and family have the sympathy of the entire community.

HOPE.

Ephraim Heel was quite seriously hurt holding a scrapper while working on the road.

P. O. Bartlett has returned from medical school and is at Waldoboro at present. Miss Alice Crane, who has been teaching in Malden for the past year, is at her mother's. Laver, daughter of S. C. Hewitt, is quite seriously ill at her father's. C. A. Hills and wife visited at Ephraim Heel's in Union last week. We were made glad by a passing call from our old time friend, O. B. Hewitt, esq., and wife of Houswelly, N. H. It is some twenty years since he has visited his birthplace, and time has dealt very kindly with him. Miss Rowe and Miss Bartlett have closed their schools.

NORTH HAVEN.

Quite a number of our people attended the circus in Rockland last Monday.

Mrs. A. B. Jones and daughter Lizzie of Castine are visiting at Henry Smith's.

The sailing fleet is in to spend the "Fourth." The season has been very poor so far. The fishermen have not made money enough to pay their expenses but hope for better luck in the future.

Last Monday night while C. S. Staples was absent from home, some thief took \$200, a hog-head of molasses belonging to Mr. Staples, standing on his wharf, and spilled or carried off nearly the whole of its contents.

EAST WARREN.

Rev. S. L. Hanson of Thomaston will hold his next meeting in this place July 10th.

Miss Mary Ann Shea has moved to this place. Our Spruce Head correspondent will please notice.

Miss Isadore Morse has closed a seven weeks term of school in the Packard district. All are pleased and satisfied.

J. A. Clark has a lot of second hand carriages for sale, prices ranging from \$20 to \$250. Pretty cheap prices, but you must not think of getting a nice carriage without paying a good price.

Frank S. Reed's horse got into a mire last week when all the boys and half the girls turned out to admire him. With a long rope and a strong pull he was unscathed or unhogged. Especial mention should be made of Mrs. Elizabeth Copeland, who went in with a vim and a ver, while apron and came out— but she helped save the horse.

Great Sale

Medium & Light Weight
Men's Boys' and Children's

CLOTHING

—AT THE—
New England

CLOTHING HOUSE.

Indigo Blue Flannel and Yacht Cloth
Suits.

All shades of Diagonal and Whipcord
Suits.

PLAIN AND FANCY CASSIMERE
Suits.

These Suits are all Well Made, Stylish and Nice Fitting, and are the Handsomest line of Suits to be found in Rockland. They are going awfully fast already. Those who can appreciate good goods, made in the latest style, will find these Suits just what they want, and at

MUCH LESS PRICE THAN CAN POSSIBLY BE FOUND ELSEWHERE.

Elegant Assortment Men's and Youth's
LIGHT PANTS
IN FINE AND MEDIUM GRADES.

FINE LINES OF
Boys' Suits
SHORT AND LONG PANTS.
AT THE LOWEST PRICES IN THE CITY

Boys' Knee Pants 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25.

SEERSUCKER Coats and Vests,
Alpaca Coats

—AND—
Linen Dusters
Selling Low.

We are receiving daily New Styles of
Black, Brown and Light Colored
STIFF and STRAW

HATS.

McNilla, Mackinaw
and Canton Straw Hats

Great variety of Boys' and Children's
Straw Hats selling at Lowest Prices.

FINE MERINO and BALBRIGGAN
Underwear,
HATHAWAY'S WHITE and FANCY
Shirts,
And everything that can be
found in a first-class
Gents' Furnishing
Goods Store.

NEW ENGLAND
CLOTHING HOUSE,
280 Main St., Rockland.

T. W. HIX, JR.,

Jeweller and Optician,

Has secured the services of a
First-Class Watchmaker
and Repairer,

—AND—
Is Ready for Business

A LARGE STOCK OF
STONE GOODS and DIAMONDS
HAVE BEEN PUT IN!

Several Fine SHOW CASES are offered
For Sale.

If You are Troubled With
Squash Bugs, Potato Bugs,
Powder Bugs, Cabbage Worms,
Cling Worms, Currant Worms,
or any of the pests of the garden
Use Hammond's
"SLUG SHOT"

Death to insects but safe to handle and easy to apply to the pests.

O. B. FALES & CO.,
337 Main St., Rockland.
Hammam's "Bug Shot" kills Lice on Horses
Cattle, Swine, Sheep and Poultry.

PARIS GREEN
Kills the Potato Bug.
Wholesale and Retail.

O. B. FALES & CO.

FOR THE
BEST BARGAINS
—IN—
Men's & Boy's Clothing

—CALL AT—
O. E. Blackington's,
AT THE BROOK.

An Immense Stock of
Summer Clothing!
And Prices Lower than Ever
before!

LOOK AT OUR
\$9.00 BLUE SUIT!

All Wool, Indigo Color and will not
fade—Nothing Neater, Cooler
or More Durable.

MEN'S and BOY'S
STRAW HATS

In all the new styles, and at Lower Prices
than are found at Hat Stores.

A Complete Line of SUMMER UNDER-
WEAR and GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

O. E. Blackington.

Marine Department.

Sch. Addie Weesels, Gross, arrived yesterday.

Sch. Lacombe, Crockett, arrived Thursday from New York.

Sch. Florida, Ames, sailed Friday for Providence with live stock.

Sch. A. Henton has been on North Marine railway for general repairs.

Sch. Empress, Richards, sailed Thursday for New York with live stock.

Sch. Vulcan, Lewis, loaded live Friday from Joseph Abbott for New York.

Sch. Arden, Marston, is loading live from White & Case for Norfolk.

Sch. Nautilus, Tolman, goes on North Marine railway today for point.

Sch. Addie E. Snow, Pillsbury, is at Boston discharging hard pine from Brunswick.

Work has commenced on the A. J. Crockett. Nine spoked saws, from Bangor, arrived.

Sch. Edward Langway, Beale, is loading live for F. Cobb & Co. for Norfolk and Richmond.

Sch. Cora Elita, Fales, is chartered to load paving and cut stone at Vinalhaven for New York.

Sch. Wm. H. Allison, Kenniston, is on the Kennebec loading live for Philadelphia at 50 cents.

Sch. Moses Eddy, Simonton, sailed Wednesday live-laden from A. F. Crockett for New York.

Sch. Rhinodora, Haskell, left in the stream Friday, stone laden from Vinalhaven for New York.

Sch. Melissa Trask, arrived Saturday with 325 tons of coal for Fred R. Spear, from Philadelphia.

Sch. Ella Pressey, Nash, and May Day, Pratt, and other coasters are at home waiting for cargoes.

Sch. Wm. Rice, Gregory, was in the stream Friday, live-laden from H. G. Gurdy & Co. for New York.

Sch. Alfarotta Campbell, Campbell, came into the harbor, Thursday, live-laden from Bangor for Baltimore.

Sch. M. A. Achorn, Achorn, was at Roberts' Harbor, Vinalhaven, last week, loading stone for New York.

Sch. Thomas Borden, Conary, is in the stream live-laden from Gen. L. Snow and Chas. H. Pressey, for New York.

Sch. Helen Montague, Green, came into the harbor Friday, coal-laden from Philadelphia for Bangor. She will load live at Bangor for Baltimore at 50 cents per ton.

Sch. Cephus Sturtevant, has been anchored inside the harbor where she will remain for the present until some profitable business offers.

Bark Addie E. Steeper, Tom Barnard, which was wrecked at Fort Bay while working into Antigua April 22, has been sold. The party who purchased the hull has made considerable efforts to float her, but without success.

Sunday morning of last week it was very foggy. Sch. Cephus Sturtevant, Parsons, and Maggie E. Gray, Snow, of this port, homeward bound, were off in the vicinity of Monhegan trying to make the whistle. They failed to hear it and ran clear inside of the whistling buoy before they found their bearings. For two and one half hours they were within earshot of the whistle and failed to hear it. When they arrived at White Head that whistle was blowing as usual. The captain who knew the cause of the hiatus in the blowing of Monhegan fog whistle.

New York.—Charters are reported under date of July 3: Sch. Winnie Lawry, New York to Gibraltar, general cargo, and back with sugar, \$1,000 and port charges; Sch. Joseph Southern, from St. Simon's Island to Boston, lumber, \$50; Sch. Bark Brenda A. Willey, from Pensacola to New York, lumber, \$675; Sch. Bertha E. Glover, New York to Gloucester, salt 35 cents and discharge; Sch. Ella Chilcott, from Edinville to Cambridgeport and Boston, cement, 20 and 17 cents respectively; Sch. Empress, Richards, from Perth Amboy to Salem, coal 95 cents; Sch. Mabel Hull and Carrie L. Hix, from Port Johnson to Sao, coal, 80 cents; Sch. Commerce, New York to Bangor, corn, 3 cents; Sch. Jenny Greenbank, New York to Hyannis, corn, 2 1/2 cents, and bag meal, 6-8 cents.

THE LOBSTER.

A Fisherman Discourses of the Use and Abuse of the Lobster Law.

J. Willey of Cushing, an old and experienced fisherman, sends us for publication the appended letter:

The cannery seems to be very much disturbed because the water is not to be governed by the lobster law of their own making. They are willing that the fishermen, farmers, mechanics, and every one else shall be made to abide by that part of the law that helps the cannery to get the advantage of all the rest of the world. But the taking and sale of lobsters less than nine inches in length is a good thing; it is the only clause in the law that has any common sense or decency in it, but the cannery but against it. They had that clause put in because they did not want lobsters less than nine inches long, because they said it did not pay them to have them.

But the fishermen did not heed that part of the law but carried to the factories all they caught. They knew what the law was made for and despised it and said the cannery should take the whole or none, so to keep peace with the fishermen, I suppose, they took the whole. But I say it is best not to kill any lobster less than 10 inches in length. I am a fisherman and pretend to know something about it, but I do not want them saved up until the cannery need them, to the hurt of every one else. It gives them no permanent protection to save them to a certain time of year and then turn to and destroy them in two or three months, which is about the way the thing has been carried on for the last five years or more. We do not want the laws to favor the rich men at the expense of the poor.

Laws are made to oppress the poor laboring man. He is the chief sufferer, the basis, the producer from the first principle of all wealth, so it is right to give him a fair chance, and wrong to enslave him. I think we have found in Fish Commissioner Conner an officer that cannot be either frightened or bought, if he is a Jew. If the cannery can stand suit and beat a law of their own making, it will show that they are bad law makers, as we have always taken them to be. If they could get the fishermen to be willing not to bring lobsters to them less than nine inches long measuring the shortest way of the body as the fishermen call it that would suit them; but if they are hauled up for taking short lobsters they will fall back on measuring the longest way of the body which makes quite a difference. Well then we will have a test and see which way is lawful. There is very much about this lobster business that the people do not understand but the fraud will be exposed.

A man named McLellan, while handling a revolver at Houlton on Monday, accidentally discharged the weapon, the bullet entering the front abdomen, taking an oblique course toward the left hip and lodging against the bone. His physicians, being called successfully to the aid, and the patient is now recovering.

William Alexander, who died at Montville last week, aged 85 years, was a cousin of John A. Logan, late republican candidate for Vice President, says the Belfast Journal. Logan's mother was a sister of Alexander's father, John Alexander. John Alexander Logan was named for his uncle, John Alexander.

W. B. Besse of New Bedford, one of the principal ship owners in the country, was in Bath last week on business concerning the two ships now being built at the New England Shipbuilding Co.'s yard. He was accompanied by Capt. Stone of New Bedford, who will command the 2000-ton ship which is timbered out; also Capt. Walland, the commander of the 1200-ton ship which is nearly planked up.

THE TRAMP.



The venerable Reuben Carver of Vinalhaven, nearly 88 years of age, is one of those few gentlemen who remember distinctly events of years ago and is able to tell them in an entertaining and lucid manner. Mr. Carver has retained all his faculties in a remarkable state of perfection. He recently discoursed pleasantly as follows concerning old times at Vinalhaven Harbor, as it was originally called.

"In 1765 my father, Thaddeus Carver, then a lad of sixteen, came with his father and an older brother in a sloop from Marshfield, Mass., and landed on what is now Calderwood's Neck. Israel and Amos Carver came at the same time. Israel settled where we landed, on the north side of the Neck, built him a house and brought up his family there. James Calderwood now owns the farm, and his built his house on the site of the old one.

"My father lived here until he became of age, and then hired out to Capt. Waterman of North Haven at four dollars per month, afterwards coming back to the island. About the time father became of age a man named Cogswell came from Ipswich and built two mills on the stream, where the polishing mill now stands. Father worked with him awhile and in 1771 bought the mill and privilege together with eight hundred acres of land. About 1781 the mill was carried away by a freshet. The stream lay idle from that time until I built a mill. I put up a saw, shingle, lath and grist mill and ran it about thirty-five years.

"In 1826 I commenced building vessels at the head of the dock on the beach. I constructed thirteen in all. My first vessel was the Plymouth Rock. She was a schooner of 110 tons and was built for Boston parties. This schooner, the first one built on the island, carried the first cargo of granite ever taken from the island. She was called a large vessel in those days. The last one I built was schooner Island Home, a little over 200 tons. She was launched in 1866 or somewhere in that vicinity.

"In 1830 there was but one house in sight from where my house now stands. This one lone house was on Lane's Island, then called Griffin's Island. My father used to speak of the frequent visits of British shelling mills during the troublesome revolutionary times. They would come in here on foraging expeditions."

Warren is blessed with a shoe-factory, woolen mill, two public houses and saw mills, Payson Bros. lending mill at the station or West Warren being one of the most enterprising. The shoe-factory is run by Rice & Hutchins of Boston, the factory building being constructed of the material of the old edifice, which formerly adorned Linerock street, Rockland. The firm employs 150 hands at present and is getting out 1500 pairs of men's, boys', women's, children's, etc., nailed and pegged feet protectors. A. C. Burgess is the able and efficient clerk.

The Georges River Woolen Mills are owned by a stock company, the larger part of the stock being in the hands of Boston parties. The oldest portion of the mill is seventeen years of age. The mills have been run seven years by the present company. Ninety-five hands are now employed there. Six sets of cards and twenty-four double looms are operated. Fancy cassimeres, Scotch chevrons and a high grade of ladies' goods are manufactured. Thomas Walker, the superintendent, has had a valuable experience in this line of business, and is evidently a good man in exactly the proper position.

Payson Bros. are located near the depot at West Warren and do a smashing business, the merry hum of the saw being almost constantly heard. If you never was in one of these heading mills a description of the way the work is done may not prove uninteresting. A huge pile of blocks of wood of the requisite length for a cask head is piled up in the mill. Near by is a huge circular saw. One of these blocks is placed in the jaws of a frame work which surrounds the saw, so arranged as to present a portion of the wood to the saw which is just the thickness of the required head. In this way the block is sawed lengthwise into a number of flat, rough pieces. These are passed to the next, who smooths the edges and sorts and arranges them in squares. The next passes them into a contrivance for boring the holes, while the next puts plugs into the holes and fastens the pieces together, making a square head. Then the heading machine gets in its work. These square pieces are clapped into this machine and in the twinkling of an eye come out round, symmetrical, whole heads, which are piled up and shipped over the Knox & Lincoln to Rockland where they are fitted into the useful linerock.

It is an interesting piece of work. One forenoon of a week ago the firm turned out 1114 heads. It will be seen that this method is something of an improvement over the old hatchet and draw-shave method. Payson Bros. are young and enterprising and bound to succeed. Good work and fair treatment is their style of business, and it is a style that pays, as they are finding out.

Many anecdotes are told of Commodore Tucker of Revolutionary fame who along about 1809 lived at Bridget. Rev. Samuel Baker and Dr. Ezekiel Dodge of Thomaston, who had been elected representatives to the General Court of Massachusetts, called to pay their respects to the commodore as they were on their way to Massachusetts. After the greeting was over the commodore, who was a very hospitable as well as a very eccentric man, brought out some liquor for his guests to drink. Mr. Baker refused to partake and proceeded to deliver a little homily on temperance. The commodore said nothing. When they arose to go the elder proposed joining in prayer before departing. "No, sir," said the commodore. "You refused to drink with me and I'll be dashed if I'll pray with you."

The firm of Knowlton Bros., Camden, have now about 25 men at work. In their busy season 85 men are employed. Knowlton Bros. do a great variety of work. They have recently been getting out castings for the Somerset railroad. They manufacture polishing machinery for granite firms having sent some of their work to California. Almost all of the granite firms in this vicinity use their machines. In times past they have made cars, having furnished rolling stock for the European, Boston and Maine, Eastern and other roads, but they make no pretensions to work of this sort now. The firm's buildings cover several acres of ground. The firm is composed of J. D. and W. D. Knowlton.

SILAS KALLOCH.

One of Rockland's Oldest and Most Respected Citizens Dies.

Silas Kalloch died at his home on Masonic street Wednesday, at an advanced age. He was the third son of Alexander Kalloch of Warren, where he was born. The family consisted of nine children, five sons and four daughters. Three of the sons, George, Amariah and Joseph, were ministers. The name of the other brother was Mero. The daughters were Mrs. Ebenezer Cole of Liberty, Mrs. Jane Southworth of Belfast, Mrs. Eliza Butler of Indiana and Mrs. Nancy Wall of this city. Of the family of nine only two are now left, Mrs. Butler and Mrs. Wall. Mrs. Southworth died last October. Joseph died the 14th of March last and Silas on Wednesday.

Silas Kalloch at the age of sixteen went to Union, where he learned the blacksmith trade, and lived for some years, marrying twice there. His first wife was Lucena Drake of Union, and his second Mrs. Olive Maxey of the same town. From Union he went to Seabrook where he kept a public house and was a justice of the peace. After that he lived a year in Augusta, moving from there to South Thomaston, where he lived a short time, losing there his son Mortimer.

He then came to this city, where he lived for the remainder of his life. He was undertaker for twenty years, and in the latter part of his life drove the team of the Eastern Express Co. until his health failed him. He was always full of courage and ambition, of a very genial disposition, an affectionate brother and parent, and an esteemed and honored citizen. He was a man who read a great deal and kept well informed of the affairs of the day.

He had four children, three of whom are now living, Oscar A. Kalloch of this city, who is in Chicago at present, Silas Kalloch of Chelsea, who was present at the funeral, and Mrs. Andrew Hathorn of this city, with whom he has always lived, and whose patient and loving care and attention made peaceful and happy his last days. The funeral occurred Friday and the remains were interred in Jameson Point Cemetery.

THE WILLOW.

The Rocklands Play the Thomastons and Win.

The organized Rocklands and Thomastons played the second game of the series at Thomaston Saturday, the Rocklands winning by a score of 15 to 14. The Thomastons were strengthened by the Sands brothers of Massachusetts, pitcher and catcher, both excellent players. The game was distinguished by brilliant errors on the part of the majority of the players.

The Rocklands made a bad break in the seventh innings giving the Thomastons a discouraging lead, but our boys played the uphill game gallantly and one. For the Rocklands, Banks, Burns, Sullivan and Thorndike played a fine game, Nagle's base running being the most interesting feature of the afternoon. B. F. Bass umpired.

MAINE MATTERS.

The ten saw mills at Whinnegance Mills, below Bangor, are all shut down, waiting the arrival of logs.

The rear drive of the Kamebees Ice Driving Company left Moosehead Lake last Saturday. The drive is expected at the Forks Saturday.

The old board of directors of the Maine Telephone Company have been re-elected, with Hon. A. W. Fane as president, and John S. Hickey secretary and treasurer.

The amount of \$1000 has been contributed as a fund for the Firemen's Relief by the citizens of Bangor. The purpose of this fund is to benefit Bangor firemen disabled on duty.

A smart North Anson girl is reported, who has walked six miles a day to and from the school house where she has successfully taught a twelve weeks' term of school this spring.

On account of the breaking of beams on the Kennebec, the Fairfield mill owners, who cut 25,000,000 feet of lumber, or one fourth of the whole Kennebec drive, will be short of logs this season.

Farmers throughout the state are rejoicing and congratulating each other on the beautiful rainfall of the present week; but they complain at the same time that the lay crop will be very light, rank or no rain.

Frank Barker, who lives at Toll Bridge, Fryeburg, was suddenly attacked by a bull, knocked down and several ribs broken recently. The animal would have killed him had not Barker's father and another man gone to the rescue.

Mr. Silas Whitehouse of Harmony, whose house was burned last week, first heard of his loss on the train as he was returning from Portland. A number of gentlemen on the train at once raised over \$20 and presented it to Mr. Whitehouse.

WEST WASHINGTON.

Samuel Kennedy lost a \$300 dollar horse last week.

Adonis Newhall is making extensive repairs on his millinery.

James E. Cargill bought recently of H. Bliss, Esq., a handsome and speedy bay mare.

A. A. Drann is finishing a beautiful tablet to be erected to the memory of the late John Bowman.

Alvin Rackliffe has his new stable up and boarded. Mr. Rackliffe has one of the prettiest stands in town.

James Pinkham has a calf which, we are positive, cannot be beaten in the county. Its girth is four feet and six inches.

Walter Merrill, the new blacksmith, is having a fine run of business. The people appreciate a good workman who is genial and obliging.

J. F. Davis, merchant at Stickey's Corner, has placed in his store an elegant line of crockery and glassware of all colors and descriptions. Somebody should celebrate their crystal wedding.

A. A. Law has been elected secretary of Exeter Star Grange in place of N. Poland, deceased, a very wise selection. This Grange is in excellent working order. Notwithstanding the busy season, the meetings are largely attended and very interesting.

A. C. Vanahall has been very sick with rheumatism of the heart, the result of many exposure and southern prison life. The two children of Col. G. A. Locke are at Capt. James Slater's for the summer. Almeda Fitch is in Rockland. Miss Nellie Cooper is at work in Union. Frank Ash of Lagrange, is at Frank Falconer's. Wilbert Decker is very sick, and grave doubts are entertained of his recovery. Miss Lillie Glidden is very sick at John Humes'. Dr. Tribon attends her. Miss Emma Studley is teaching in Waldoboro with excellent success.

WALDOBORO.

All the village schools closed last week. Mrs. George Miller fell and broke her wrist one day last week.

The school at Kaler's Corner will close a week from Friday.

J. W. Hall has painted, painted and otherwise improved his store.

E. A. Noble has made some excellent photographs of Rock's Cadet Band.

It was not a general order, only a favored few receive bouquets with telegrams.

Flowers from Danversville made a raid on the liquor dealers here last week. Two or three seizures are reported.

The Aves says: "Children are demolishing the band stand." What of it? It is not used for anything else. Let 'em eat it.

The ladies of the Baptist Society served some excellent ice cream in their rooms Thursday and Friday evenings. They also provided strawberries, cake, etc., on Thursday evening.

Dixie's Comic Opera Co., played the Masop in Clark's Hall Thursday evening to a crowded house. The parts were finely sustained, and the audience were kept in a roar of laughter the entire evening.

Miss Lena H. Storer won the silver pitcher and goblet offered by the Dixie Opera Co. to the one guessing nearest the number of buttons in the pitcher, guessing the exact number, 3091, the first time this was ever done.

Children's Day was appropriately observed at the M. E. church, Sunday, June 28. The church was prettily decorated with flowers and evergreens. A sermon was delivered by the pastor, Rev. O. Tyler, in the afternoon, and a concert given by the members of the Sabbath School in the evening.

Miss Annie J. Reed has returned from Boston. Rev. John D. Graham of Plainfield, N. H., has been visiting his brother, Rev. Jas. Graham, at Waldoboro. Mrs. D. H. Parker and Mrs. J. S. Hatch were in Augusta last week.

Capt. F. A. Silva and family have arrived for the summer. Miss Rose M. Welt was at Aug. Welt's last week. B. R. Haskell, Esq., with his daughter, Miss H. S. Haskell, and Misses Lizzie P. and Kittle L. Haskell have returned from Goffrey, Ill. Chas. H. Mero of Otterville, Minn., has been visiting friends in town the past week. Joe E. Clark has returned from Farmington. Bert Glidden came home from Boston Friday. Olive A. Brown left for San Francisco Monday morning. Geo. W. Singer has returned from Boothbay.

NORTH WASHINGTON.

School in districts 9 and 10 closed rather unexpectedly after a term of seven weeks, the cause being lack of school funds. The full term will doubtless commence at an early date, and be a longer though perhaps no more profitable term than one just ended. The district has no right to complain of either their agent or their summer teacher.

Geo. Smith of Appleton is cooperating for O. B. Collins. Orenell Robinson went to Somerville recently, but owing to sickness while there had to stop over one train. He has recovered. Madison Howard is at home for a short time. A sister of Mrs. Saml. Cunningham, who has been here for a short time with Mrs. Cunningham, who is an invalid, has returned to her home in New Hampshire.

ASH POINT.

Rev. S. M. Dunton held a preaching service at our school house Sunday last week.

We are glad to hear that Mrs. Fred Smith is improving in health. Miss Corrie Geer has returned from a visit in Massachusetts. Seth Emery returned to Boston Wednesday night, after a short visit at home. Fred Johnston of Marlboro, Mass., is visiting here.

TREMONT.

A large amount of halibut has been brought into the port by the schooner, E. C. Clark & Co. having brought nearly 2000 pounds.

Miss Myra Gatt of Seal Cove has opened a store at this place, occupying the building lately used for that purpose by G. L. Bray.

Sch. Austin P. from New Brunswick was seized Thursday, the 20th ult. by Deputy Collector T. Clark for selling fish without first entering at the Custom House.

ATLANTIC.

Sch. Robert Pettis arrived the 27th from a mackerel cruise.

The work on Capt. B. J. Staples store went on rapidly last week.

Jefferson Torrey's contract for carrying the mail between Tremont and Seal Cove has expired and we regret it very much, for we think it will be hard indeed to find a man who can fill Mr. Torrey's place as faithfully.

CENTRE LINCOLNVILLE.

School in districts No. 1 and 11 closed last week.

The M. E. Sunday school was reorganized June 21 with the following officers: C. R. Hill, superintendent; F. C. Rankin, assistant; Fannie Rankin, secretary; Annie Lamb, treasurer; Anna Drake, librarian; Annie Fernald, assistant librarian; A. E. Fernald, organist.

Misses Fannie Rankin and Ella Gilmore are visiting at Annie Drake's. Mrs. Charles Drake and Miss F. Wright were in town last week. Mr. M. Lovett is stopping at the Elm House. Mrs. Peterson of New York is visiting at Drake's. Mrs. P. K. Frohock and daughter are visiting at Mrs. E. J. Tower's. N. J. Smid of Portland and his son Fred are visiting here.

DEER ISLE.

M. S. Joyce has rented the Sellers place and will move there at once.

Yacht Sunnyside, Green, arrived from a fishing cruise Sunday. Reports slight damages, caused by heavy wind and sea; split jib, lost rudder, etc.; went into Long Island and repaired.

William Torrey, formerly of this town, is engineer on the steamer, Seal Cove, of Bristol, R. I., which by recent trips on the Hudson has proved herself the fastest craft in the world. She has made 27 miles an hour, and it is claimed can make 28.

Capt. E. T. Marshall, who has been away from home for several years, arrived by steamer Monday Saturday. He is in command of ship Oakland, 1200 tons burthen, and has just arrived from Calcutta. The vessel is now under charter for a year, a round trip to Bombay. As soon as the vessel is loaded the captain will join her, taking his wife and youngest child. A. A. Herick, formerly in command of three-masted sch. D. W. Haskell, goes out in the ship as 1st officer.

CASTINE.

The schools closed last week.

Mrs. Henry Chamberlain died Wednesday. Alexander Perkins has had his house painted.

There was a Sunday School concert at the Congregationalist church Sunday evening of last week.

Frank Weeks, youngest son of Henry Weeks, about 20 years old, died last week from hemorrhage of the lungs.

Children's Day was observed at the Methodist church Sunday evening of last week. The church was beautifully trimmed and decorated with plants and flowers. With the cantors, hymns, among them, it produced a novel and pleasing effect. A Sabbath School concert was held in the evening.

Mrs. Curtis Stevens went away Thursday. Will Noyes is at home on a visit. Mrs. Natalie Nickerson returned to her home at Boothbay Monday. Mrs. Mary Gilmore and son left for Medford, Mass. Monday. Ella Hooper and family of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, arrived Wednesday to spend the summer. Mr. Harvey of Carmel has been visiting his son Mr. M. P. Harvey, for a few days. Mrs. M. W. Whiting and son Charles went to Portland on the Richmond Thursday afternoon, and returned Saturday. Frank Wardwell, son of Rev. Lorenzo Wardwell and wife of Dakota are here on a short visit. Fred Giggins of Bucksport and Miss Kate Wardwell of Penobscot have been visiting their aunt, Mrs. Solomon Douglas. Mr. Williams and family of New York came last week. They will occupy their cottage on Nautilus Island this summer.

OPENED THIS MORNING, JULY 7th,

Another case of those hand-some

DRESS GINGHAMS

For 8c per Yard.

This is the Greatest Bargain ever offered in Dress Gingham.

Look at them in our south window.

E. B. HASTINGS

WE ARE OFFERING:

A rich handsome Black Silk 22 inches wide, worth \$1.65 for only \$1.25.

Black and Colored Satin Rhadama worth \$1.50, for 1.25 per yard.

Colored silks worth 1.25 for 1

All Wool Dress Goods 40-inch wide, never sold for less than 75 cents, only 50 cents a yard. We have an unusually fine assortment of Black Dress goods at all prices.

White Embroidered Dress Patterns, from 2.75 to \$6 each.

We have received another lot of the Brocade Dress Goods which we are selling for 12 1/2 cents a yard. These goods are a great bargain. We have them in all colors.

We have a full line of Brocade Velvet for Wraps with Chenille Fringes to match each color. Also a nice assortment of Tricots, Ottomans, etc., for Outside Garments.

Jersey Jackets, all sizes.

We are still selling the Lawns for 3 1/2 cents a yard. We also have a finer quality of Lawn in tinted ground and handsome styles, which we sell for 5 cents.

We are selling one of our 12 1/2 cent Gingham for 10 cents.

Turkey Red Table Linen, 25, 37 and 50 cents a yard. We have a large assortment of White Table Linen, Napkins, etc., to match.

Large lots of Cheviot Shirting from the great Auction Sale, which we are selling under price.

Best Quality Print only 5 cents. Satine Print 8 cents a yard.

We shall make special prices for the next Four Weeks on Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear.

We are showing a very fine assortment of Parasols and have them from 25 cents to \$8 each.

Our Embroidered Cashmere Shawls in Black, Cream, Light Blue, Pink, etc., are very handsome and stylish this season.

We carry a full line of Corsets, including the celebrated P. D. This is a very long-waisted and fine fitting corset.

We are receiving New Goods every day and shall be pleased to show them.

A Splendid Line of Men's Fancy Shirts.

In all the Latest Patterns.

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A Splendid Line of Men's Fancy Shirts.

In all the Latest Patterns.

BOSTON CLOTHING STORE!

A CANDIDATE FOR THE BOYS' DEPT.



We would respectfully invite your attention to the OPENING SALES of our Large and Carefully Selected Stock of Elegant New Spring Styles!

MEN'S and BOYS' CLOTHING

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS.

OUR HAT and CAP DEPARTMENT

Is full of all the The New Spring Styles and Novelties.

A Full Stock of Trunks, Bags, Umbrellas, Rubber Goods, &c.

A Splendid Line of Men's Fancy Shirts.

In all the Latest Patterns.

We are receiving New Goods every day and shall be pleased to show them

